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CLIVE BARKER'S
HELLRAISER
BEGINNING THE DEVILS BRIGADE

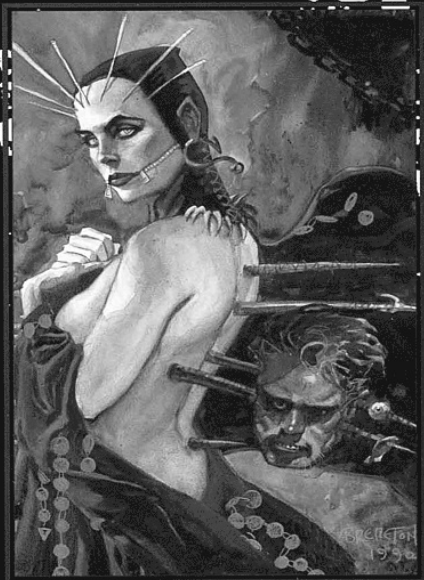
Robert Washington
Jolin Rheume

Nicholas Vince
John Bolton

Ron Wolfe
Bill Reinhold

D.G. Chichester
Kyle Baker

Dwayne McDuffie
Paris Cullins



I in the Pyramid

Bob Washington

writer

John Rheume

artist

Jade Moede

letterer

Under the Knife

Ron Wolfe

writer

Bill Reinhold

artist

Linda Lessman

color artist

Willie Schubert

letterer

**Demons to Some,
Angels to Others**

Nicholas Vince

writer

John Bolton

artist

James Novak

letterer

Clowning Around

D.G. Chichester

writer

Kyle Baker

artist

Phil Felix

letterer

Devils Brigade; Part One

A Call To Arms

D.G. Chichester

Dwayne McDuffie

writers

Paris Cullens

Tom Palmer

artists

Gloria Vasquez

color artist

Phil Felix

letterer

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FOREWORD

There is seduction in self-improvement, that arcane art that drives so many to such lengths to "better" themselves. Drone-like devotion to calorie weaning videos, angst ridden sessions of psychotherapy, ergonomic exercise machines — and in the quest for advantage, it is only a matter of time before the obsessor invokes those eternal-infernal words, "I'd sell my soul if. . ."

And what better place for such transactions?

We are no different than most in our desires. For in our position as comic caretakers to Clive's conundrums and Cenobites, we have the very crystalline perfection of Leviathan itself to live down to. And it is striving toward such ordered precision, gentle reader, that we sink to new depths. . .

Or, more to the point, the times they are a'changin'.

First and foremost, it is my pleasure to announce that starting this issue, damnation comes more often to your local shop — **Clive Barker's Hellraiser** is now bimonthly, shipping six times a year, two more than previous. This is due exclusively to the vision and enormous hard work of editor Marc McLaurin, a man to whom sanity was obviously a luxury. But really, the straightjacket looks very fashionable, and with blue pencil clenched firmly between his teeth. . .

Secondly, while the freewheeling and separate qualities of many of the stories already done for the book have proven to be extremely creative and entertaining — and, indeed, will continue to be so — they have not done a great deal to further some of the concepts originally posited; the idea of an interwoven **Hellraiser** "universe," of fascist Cenobites waging war on the malleable flesh of humankind, has become lost in the myriad disassociated tales being told in our pages. And while there is no question that the spontaneity of an out-of-the-midnight-blue, "Hey, I've got a great idea for **Hellraiser**!" can provide some of the best stories, it is only in fully establishing the underlying continuity of the book that we can create the energy and interest that will truly realize our darkest potentials. Toward that end, we begin *The Devil's Brigade*, 18 — count 'em — 18 stories telling a single sinister saga of humanity and hell. It begins here and continues through to issue number 15 — it's a sure-fire (hell-fire?) guarantee you'll never look down below in quite the same way again.

Joining us in these changing times: Ch-ch-chatterer Nicholas Vince and favorite son John Bolton (whose talents also grace the cover of the **Hellraiser Collection**) return to preach the unholy, "Demons To Some, Angels To Others." In "I In The Pyramid," writer Bob Washington and artist John Rhome give pause to chucking that next chain letter. Jack the Ripper takes us "Under The Knife," courtesy Ron Wolfe and artists Bill Reinhold & L. Lessman. And I finally put my soul where my mouth is, "Clowning Around" with Kyle Baker; and teaming with writer Dwayne McDuffie for "Call To Arms," the opening salvo in *The Devil's Brigade*, with art by Paris Cullens.

We all have our aspirations. Ours are just a bit lower than most. Much, much lower. . .

Daniel Chichester
consulting editor



BARBARA 50.70

SATURDAY,
4 P.M.

CONCENTRATE.
VISUALIZE. IMAGINE...
THERE'S A...A CATCH
SOMEWHERE, ON THE
SIDE OR IN A CORNER.
TWIST IT UNTIL...

CAN'T BELIEVE THIS!
SIX MONTHS IN A RETREAT,
FIVE THOU WORTH OF CLASS-
ES, AND BOOKS, AND PROGRAM-
MING AND DE-PROGRAMMING;
THREE YEARS OF ASSERTIVE-
NESS TRAINING, ALL LEAD-
ING TO THIS.

...THE BOX WILL
FLATTEN, OR UNFOLD...
THE PUZZLE'LL BE
SOLVED.

...I WILL NOT
BE BEATEN OUT
OF THE CHANCE OF
A LIFETIME BY
A STUPID--

OUCH!
DAMMIT!

DAMMIT!!

CLUGNF

Bob Washington
writer
John Rheume
artist
Jade Moede
letterer

Dear Mr. Hansell:

Have you ever thought that you could make it — you can create order out of chaos of your life and have your wildest wishes fulfilled, if only you could pull from yourself the love that others seem to have? Well you can! You have only to ask yourself, 'What's my pleasure?' and it will be yours, if such is truly your desire.

We are pleased to inform you that you have participated in a self-help program that is about to embark on an age underground restructuring. Enclosed are items essential to your... you can be... of the...

I
IN THE
PYRAMID



In any endeavor, Ms. Hansell, the drive to accomplish your goals and the confidence you need to achieve those goals are the key factors — your competitive edge. Your knowledge and experience up to this point count for little.

Our 'University of Adversity' Program can and will grant you near-limitless amounts of...

motivation

I
GIVE
UP.

stamina

MMPH...
OOCH...
DAMNIT!

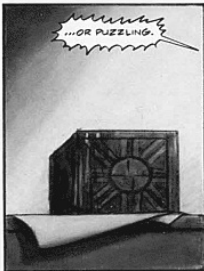
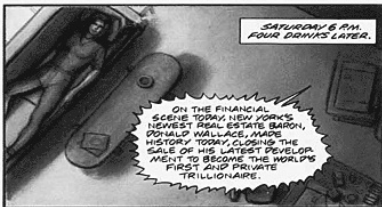
and will power.

Upon embarking into a true adventure program, you'll learn the value, beauty and meaning in perfect structure.

To begin your enrollment in this amazing program, simply solve the enclosed three-dimensional logic test we have provided to assess your determination and problem solving abilities. You will find within the test the key to a world of pleasures, undreamed-to worlds of untouched desires.

Upon completion, you will be asked to fill out a questionnaire of new participants and you have been convinced of the merit of our program. The rest are many of our number one successful graduates. Feel free to call or write to contact us. Donald Wallace, "The Wright," "The Madet," himself! For personal endorsement at the number below.

Please don't distribute this number. It is Wallace's private line given to us for distribution to potential enrollment. It will be hard to tell you our "University of Adversity" program has affected a





IT'S G...
KEAGH!!

CONGRATULATIONS,
MS. HANSELL, YOU
HAVE SUCCESS-
FULLY COMPLETED
YOUR ENTRANCE
INTO THE TRAIN-
ING GROUNDS
FOR THE ELITE
RANKS OF
LEVIATHAN.

I WILL BE YOUR INSTRUCTOR
AS YOU PROGRESS; YOUR ADVANCE-
MENT DEPENDENT UPON YOUR
ADAPTABILITY TO THE NEW
WORLDS INTO WHICH YOU SHALL
BE INTRODUCED.

HERE'S
YOUR FIRST
LESSON...

SSSSSS
CHING

SSSSSS
CHING

EYYYYYAAAAAA

I'LL BACK
BACK SHORTLY
TO CHECK ON
YOUR
PROGRESS...

...BUT
FIRST,
OTHER
BUSINESS...

...RIGHT, MR.
WALLACE?

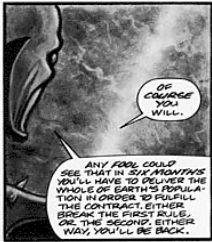
SLAPP
SPITT
KICK

NOW, ARE
YOU SURE YOU
UNDERSTAND
YOUR
GRADUATION
REQUIRE-
MENTS?

Y-YES...

...UH... WHATEVER INDIVIDUAL GOALS
I MIGHT PURSUE AFTER HAVING COMPLETED
THE P-PROGRAM, I MUST FULFILL THE TWO
TERMS OF GRADUATION-- ONE: TO LOCATE
AND RECRUIT ONE NEW APPLICANT WITHIN
SEVEN DAYS OF GRADUATION...

AND... UH... CONTINUING TO LOCATE
TWO NEW APPLICANTS SEVEN DAYS AFTER
THAT, THE NUMBER DOUBLING EACH SUCCEED-
ING WEEK, AD INFINITUM, FOR ONE YEAR...
AND TWO: I WILL DO SO IN AN ORDERLY
FASHION WHICH WILL NOT PROMOTE CHAOS...
ER, GENERAL UNREST.



The End

DEMONS TO SOME. ANGELS TO OTHERS



DAVID
DAVY ASHLE
WAKELY
WAKELY!



Nicholas Vince
writer
John Bolton
artist
James Novak
letterer



WHAT DO
YOU THINK
YOU'RE
DOING?

I'M BORED-- I
WANT TO PLAY

THIS IS THE
CHRISTIAN ARMY
FELLOWSHIP--
WE'RE NOT HERE
TO PLAY.



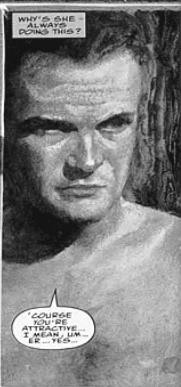
OUR ILLUSTRIOUS
LEADER SAMUEL HAS
ALREADY BANNED RUN-
NING, SHORTY GAMES,
BOISTEROUS LAUGHTER,
SUGAR IN TEA, NEWS-
PAPERS, NOVELS--
AND...

...TODAY HE
ANNOUNCED
WINDOW SHOPPING
IS CONSIDERED
FALLEN!



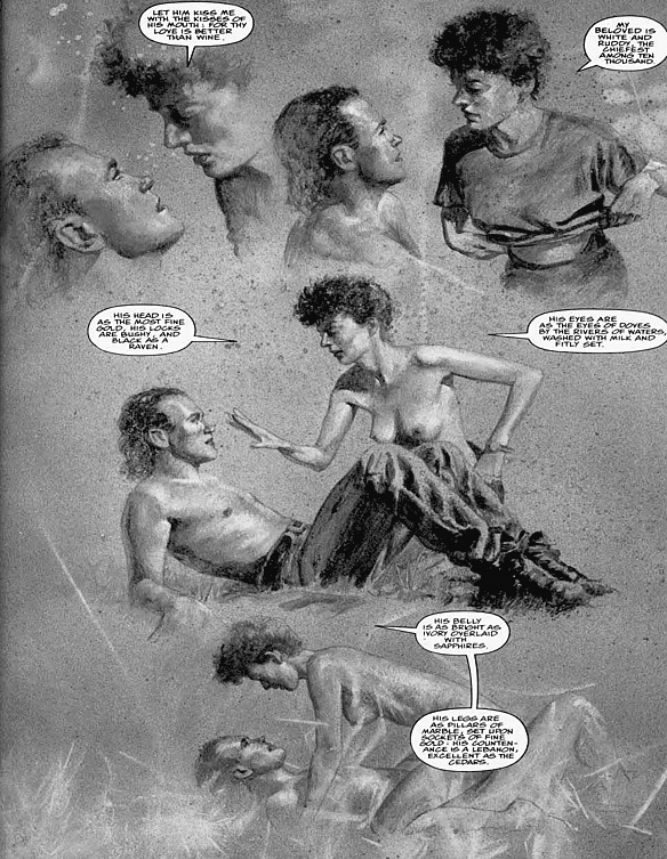
I'M SO
BORED I DON'T
EVEN KNOW IF
I'M SEXY
ANYMORE.

DO YOU
THINK I'M
SEXY, DAVID?



WHY'S SHE
ALWAYS
DOING THIS?

COURSE
YOU'RE
ATTRACTIVE--
I MEAN, UM--
ER--YES--



LET HIM KISS ME
WITH THE KISSES OF
HIS MOUTH: FOR THY
LOVE IS BETTER
THAN WINE.

MY
BELOVED IS
WHITE AND
RUDDY, THE
CHIEFEST
AMONG TEN
THOUSAND.

HIS HEAD IS
AS THE MOST FINE
GOLD: HIS LOOKS
ARE BRIGHT AND
BLACK AS A
RAVEN.

HIS EYES ARE
AS THE EYES OF DOVES,
BY THE RIVERS OF WATERS,
WASHED WITH MILK AND
FITLY SET.

HIS BELLY
IS AS BEAUT AS
IVORY OVERLAIN
WITH
SAPPHIRES.

HIS LEGS ARE
AS PILLARS OF
MARBLE: SET UPON
SOCKETS OF FINE
GOLD: HIS COUNTEN-
ANCE IS A LEBANON,
EXCELLENT AS THE
CEDARS.



THY LIPS
ARE LIKE A
THREAD OF
SCARLET

THIS IS MY
BELOVED, AND
THIS IS MY FRIEND,
O DAUGHTERS
OF JERUSALEM.

I LOVE
YOU, DAVID, I
LOVE YOU!



"BEHOLD YOU
HAVE SINNED AGAINST
THE LORD; AND BE SURE
YOUR SINS WILL
FIND YOU OUT!"



TWO HUNDRED FOLLOWERS AND IT HAD TO BE YOU TWO.

LOOK AT YOU-- WITHERING WHITE BELLED WORMS.



DO WE HAVE TO HAVE THIS SERMON NAKED?



BE NOT DECEIVED: NEITHER FORNIGATORS, NOR IDOLATERS, NOR ADULTERERS-- SHALL INHERIT THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

DRESS-- YOUR NAKEDNESS OFFENDS ME.

YOU WILL BOTH COME WITH ME TO THE OLD CHAPEL.

I WILL SHOW YOU THE PATH OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

DO NOT FOLLOW WHERE THE PATH MAY LEAD.





GO INSTEAD
WHERE THERE
IS NO PATH AND
LEAVE A TRAIL.



TONIGHT
YOU WILL SEE A
MIRACLE TO
PROVE THE GLORY
OF GOD AND YOU
WILL PAY FOR
YOUR SINS.



OH LORD, LET
THESE SINNERS
KNOW THEIR
SHAME. LET THEM
SEE THY DIVINE
PLAN.



LISTEN, AND
I WILL TELL YOU HOW
IT IS THAT YOU WILL
SEE THE ARRIVAL
OF THE KINGDOM
OF GOD.

IT WAS 1863 -- THE DAY WE
BURIED MY FATHER.



OH, GOD!



RUTH ! HOW
COULD YOU ?
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING ?

CELEBRATING
DAD'S FUNERAL---
YOU WANT TO
WATCH ?

NO !



GO READ
THE DIRTY BITS
IN YOUR BIBLE,
SAMUEL --- DAD
WOULD HAVE
APPROVED.



BLESSED ART
THOU AMONGST MEN,
FOR THOU HAST BEEN
CHOSEN BY MY LORD
TO BRING HIS KING-
DOM TO EARTH

WHO ART
THOU --- WHO
ARE YOU ?



THOMAS, THAT
MOST BELOVED OF
THE DISCIPLES WHO
WILT TASTE DEATH
ONLY WHEN HE DOETH
RETURN IN HIS FATHER'S
KINGDOM.



TAKE THIS ROD,
THE GENESIS
REVELATION, FOR
IT IS THE KEY TO
THE KINGDOM OF
HEAVEN, GIVEN
UNTO PETER AND
THENCE UNTO ME.



IT IS A
PUZZLE, AND IF THOU
DESIREST GLORY ENOUGH,
THEN SHALL IT BE GIVEN
UNTO YOU TO SOLVE. SEEK
THE WORDS OF THE ROCK.
GO AND KEEP THIS
SECRET FAITH.



I DISOBEYED THOMAS
AND TOLD OTHERS OF MY VISION.
I WAS PUNISHED FOR MY HUMORS
--IT TOOK ME THESE YEARS
TO FIND THE SOLUTION.

LAST WEEK, A
DEALER SENT ME
A MANUSCRIPT:
THE TESTAMENT
OF PETER

PETER WROTE
"THE SERVANT
COMMANDED TO
SILENCE: SHALL
DISOBEY: THEN
SHALL HE LEAD
THE ARMY OF
THE LANDS."

"HE WILT SAVE
THE KEY, THE LORD'S
KINGDOM SHALL COME
TO EARTH, THE KING
VANT BE LIFTED TO
POWER

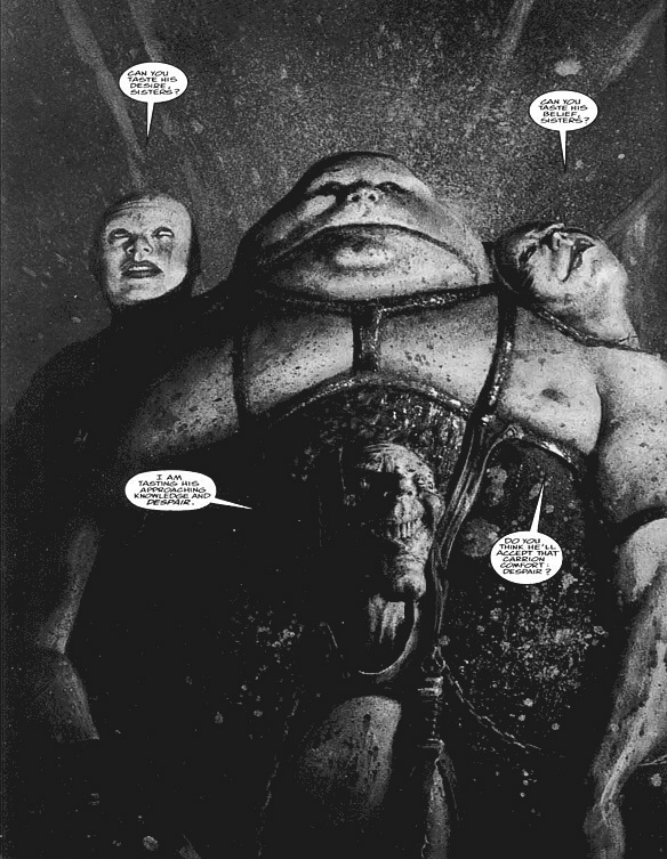
"ALL ARE
SAVED BY THE
BLOOD OF THE
LAMB, AND
THESE ARE THE
SIGNS."

"THIS IS
THE ROD AND
STAFF OF
COMFORT."

"THIS THE
GRAIL THAT
HELD HIS
BLOOD"

"THIS THE
CROSS ON
WHICH HE
DIED."

"THIS THE YEEG
THAT BORE THE FRUIT:
THIS THE TREE OF
KNOWLEDGE."



CAN YOU
TASTE HIS
DESIRE
SISTERS?

CAN YOU
TASTE HIS
BELIEF
SISTERS?

I AM
TASTING HIS
APPROACHING
KNOWLEDGE AND
DESIRE.

DO YOU
THINK HE'LL
ACCEPT THAT
CARRION
CONFORT
DESIRE?



HOW LONG
BEFORE HE
REALIZED?

WHEN
HE DEES
UP?

WHEN
WE TELL HIM
ABOUT THE
DIVINE
PLAN

REMEMBER
SISTERS, HE HAS
BEEN TAUGHT IT
IS THE FLIP-SIDE
OF HIS BELIEF

AND
WHAT OF
THE FORNI-
CATORS?

LET
THEM
JUDGE
THEM-
SELVES



"... AND BEHOLD
A DOOR WAS OPENED
IN HEAVEN..."

HE'S QUOTING
REVELATIONS?

AT LAST THE
DIVINE PLAN IS
ACCOMPLISHED!



WHO HAS
OPENED THE
GATES OF THE
KINGDOM?

I, MASTER.



AND WHO
WILL SUPPLY
THE BLOOD OF
THE LAMB?



WELL, MY
PRETTY, WILL YOU
GIVE YOUR BLOOD
TO FEED THE
KINGDOM OF MY
LOSD LEVIATHAN
TO EARTH?



LEVIATHAN?
IS THAT YOUR
NAME, DREAD
ANGEL?

WE

I AM
LEGION

ARE

MANY.







SAMUEL:
THERE IS NO
'DIVINE PLAN.'
THERE IS ONLY
THE WAR AND
THE END IS...

...NOT IN
SIGHT. IT IS
FOUGHT ENDLESSLY,
NOT JUST BY THE
DEVILS AGAINST THE
ANGELS, BUT BY...



...EVERYONE
ELSE: IN THE DAY TO
DAY, THE MUNDANE, THE
ORDINARY. IT'S FOUGHT
BY THE SOLDIER WHO
SPARES THE Foe AGAINST
THE GUARD WHO 'EX-
TURES THE CHILD.



...BY THE
STRANGER WHO
LISTENS AGAINST
THE FRIEND WHO
BETRAYS.



THERE IS NO
PLAN. ONLY THE WAR
WE DON'T KNOW WHAT
IS GOING TO COME
AFTERWARDS--BE-
CAUSE IT HAS
NEVER EXISTED.

PERHAPS
THE WAR WASN'T
SUPPOSED
TO END.



DAVID,
"GREATER LOVE
HATH NO MAN
THAN THIS..."

"-- THAT A
MAN LAY DOWN
HIS LIFE FOR HIS
FRIENDS." JOHN 15:13.

WE HOPE
IT COMFORTS YOU,
FOR SOON YOU
WILL LEARN
REASON TO DESPAIR.
YOU MAY YET BE
LEVIATHAN'S...



HE SAYS HE MET AN
ANGEL OF THE LORD
NOW DID HE GET BACK?



JESUS HELD US -- HIS HAND!
THEY'VE SENT HIM BACK!



SAMUEL!
YOU'RE
LYING!



REBECCA,
IF YOU'RE
WATCHING
THIS...



IF WE DON'T
SPEAK, LEGION
WAS WRONG!



IT IS SAD TO SEE
ONE SO TIGHT IN THE
CLUTCHES OF SATAN



...TELL THEM
THE TRUTH,
HELP ME!

THIS ISN'T
WAR -- WE'VE
ALREADY
LOST!

SAD TO SEE
ONE OF OUR
BRETHREN
FALL TO THE
ENEMY



WE MUST
PRAY FOR HIM.
AT LEAST
REBECCA HAS
RETURNED TO
THE FOLD.

REBECCA! TELL
THEM, PLEASE! SAVE
US, REBECCA!



The End

13 MILLER'S COURT--A BOARDING ROOM, BUT SHE HAD THOUGHT HERSELF LUCKY TO HAVE IT.

IT WAS HER PLACE OF ESCAPE FROM THE HARD-COUL STREET OF A WREATHED LIFE IN LONDON'S EAST END, 1889.

MARY KELLY'S ROOM, A PLACE TO BE SHARED WITH A MAN SHE COULD TRUST.

THE LONDON TIMES
BLOODY MURDER

Under the Knife

Ron Wolfe
writer
Bill Rheinholt
artist
L. Lessman
color artist
Willie Schubert
letterer

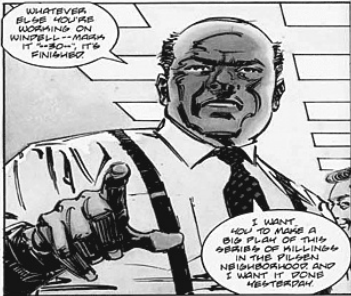
POLICE WHISTLE--NO TIME--WHERE IS IT?

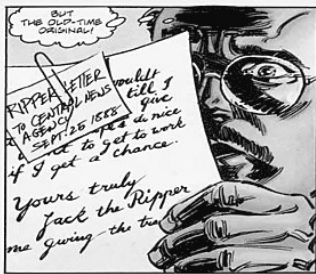
WHERE IS IT?

SHHH

















YES,
I THOUGHT
SO.



THE WOMAN
IN THE PHOTO...
HER NAME WAS
MARY KELLY.

I'M
SORRY TO
TROUBLE
YOU.



"I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN
THROUGH A BAD TIME--
AND I'M MAKING IT
WORSE, BUT I'VE GOT
TO FIND OUT WHAT
HAPPENED, MARY, OK."

"GLENDA MARTINEZ.
I COULD USE A
DRINK."

"I COULD TOO,
GLENDA. BUT
LET'S SETTLE
FOR COFFEE."

"--AND THEN I
CALLED THE POLICE,
AND THEY TOOK
HER AWAY."

"THEY TOLD
ME NOT TO SAY
ANYTHING NOT
TO TALK TO
THE--"



"--TO THE
BLANKET--GLENDA,
NOW--NEWS--RIGHT?"

IT'S MY
TURN TO ASK
ABOUT YOU, HANA.
I DON'T LIKE THE
BUSINESS YOU'RE
IN, BUT I CAN TELL
A NICE GUY--I'M
AN EXPERT AT
KNOWING THE
DIFFERENCE.



"AND THERE'S
SOMETHING ELSE
ABOUT YOU--A SENSE
OF HURT."

"IF YOU WANT TO TALK,
HANA, MAYBE I COULD
HELP."



I'VE
GOT THIS
JOB TO GET
DONE, BUT THEN...
I THINK MAYBE
WE COULD
HELP EACH
OTHER.

MAYBE
I'LL GIVE YOU
YOUR STORY,
HANA--TELL YOU
WHAT I
HEAR.













"HOLDS TRULY, JACK THE RIPPER."







WHEN THE SHOW FIRST RAN--BACK ON STAMFORD PUBLIC ACCESS CHANNEL Q--THE YOUTHFUL AUDIENCE WAITED IN ANTICIPATION.

NOW IT'S TREPIDATION.

IN THOSE DAYS, THE PROGRAM RAN WEEKDAYS FROM BETWEEN 4:30 AND 5 O'CLOCK, OR 4:29 AND 4:58--

--DEPENDING ON WHETHER OR NOT THE BROADCAST ENGINEER TIED ONE ON THE NIGHT BEFORE.

NOW IT RUNS FOR ETERNITY.

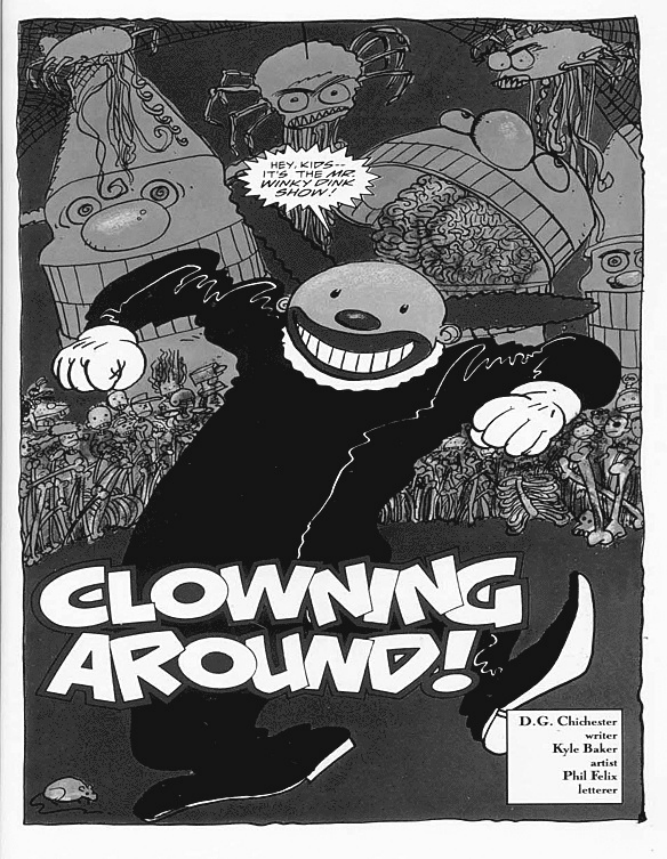
BACK THEN, THE CLOWN STILL HAD THE ILLUSION OF HOPE EVEN AS HE HID A CAREER GONE NOWHERE BEHIND CHEAP GREASEPAINT.

THESE DARK DAYS HE SMOOTHES AWAY THE LINES OF HUMANITY IN HIS FACE, FEELING NOTHING.

THESE DAYS, THOSE DAYS, THEN AND NOW, ONLY THE SMILE'S REMAINED THE SAME.

ONLY THE SMILE.

PUT ON A HAPPY FACE, INDEED.



HEY, KIDS--
IT'S THE MR.
WINKY DINK
SHOW!

CLOWNING AROUND!

D.G. Chichester
writer
Kyle Baker
artist
Phil Felix
letterer



THEY'RE THE TOO-INNOCENT-TO-BE-TRULY-DAMNED...



NOW BEFORE WE GET STARTED, LET'S TAKE A MOMENT TO THANK TONIGHT'S SPONSOR-- PLENTY FOR EVERYBODY AT SNACK-TIME!



UNWITTINGLY DRAFTED INTO A WAR OF HUMANITY AND HELL BY APPROPRIATELY CHILDLIKE WONDER OVER CERTAIN VERY PECULIAR PUZZLES.



AND LOOK WHO'S COME TO VISIT-- OUR LITTLE PAL, MR. DINK!

EVERYONE SAY, "HEY THERE, MR. DINK!"



WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT? YOU JUST CAN'T FIND GODD HELP THESE DAYS!

WHERE'S MARGARET HAMILTON WHEN YOU NEED HER?

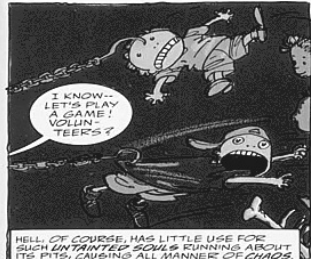


WHO CAN SAY FOR SURE JUST WHAT IT WAS CURIOSITY REALLY DID TO THAT CAT, BUT WHEN IT COMES TO THESE KIDS...

WELL, WHY LEAVE IT TO THE IMAGINATION? THEY'RE IN HELL.

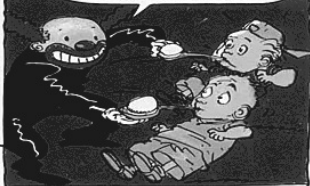


WHAT'S WITH THAT LOOK? AWW, DON'T TELL ME YOU GUYS AIN'T GONNA BE ANY FUN!



ENTER, THEN, MR. WINKY DINK, THE SOLE-- A RIMSHOT, HERE, IF YOU PLEASE-- SENTINEL WATCHING OVER THE LOST BOYS AND GIRLS OF THE INFERNO.

IT'S THAT OLD FAVORITE-- THE EGG AND SPOON RACE!



FEELZEBUB'S BOZO, IF YOU WILL.



...AND A LEG AND A NECK-- THEY'RE GONNA NEED 'EM ALL-- AND SOME FINGERS AND ...



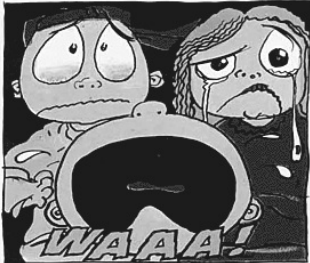
WHAT'S THIS? YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE YOU'RE ENJOYING YOURSELVES!

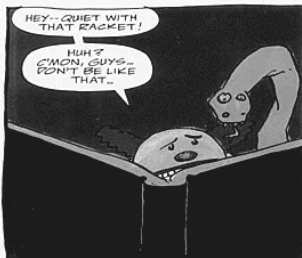
GOOD.



OH, BOY-- IT'S STORY TIME!

NOW WE LEFT OFF LAST RIGHT AFTER THE CHILDREN FOUND OUT THAT THEIR PARENTS REALLY DIDN'T LOVE THEM...







THIS IS NOW, ALL THERE IS, THEN
HAVING BEEN LOST LONG AGO...

...WITH
SO MUCH
ELSE...

THIS IS NOW, WHEN A CLOWN WHO
JUGGLES WHAT HE WAS WITH WHAT HE
IS SMOOTHS AWAY THE LINES OF
HUMANITY IN HIS FACE, AGAIN AND
AGAIN...

...UNTIL THE PERFORM-
ANCE WHERE
HE FINALLY
GETS IT
RIGHT--

--AND WIRES IT
ALL AWAY.

WHO'S
SMILING
NOW?

PUT ON A
HAPPY FACE,
INDEED.

The End



THERE IS A CENTERPOINT TO THE ABYSS, AN APPROPRIATELY DARK PLACE TO WHICH THE AIMLESS LIGHT OF HUMANITY MAY NEVER HOPE TO REACH...



...AND FROM WHENCE THE CONFORMED GLORY OF THE LOWEST PIT'S STRETCH FOREVER DOWNWARD.

IT'S HERE FLAGELLUM DREAMS HER DREAM, THE MONSTROUS CHILDEN AND BASILISK WRAPPED ROUND EACH OTHER...

...THEIR DOUBLE-HELIX DANCE STEPS MIRRORING THE GRACE AND POWER OF HELL'S OWN PATTERNS.



HERE, THE CENOBIITE IS AT PEACE... THE ONLY FEELING SHE'S EVER KNOWN.



ONLY AFTER LIFE-- REMADE IN THE PURITY OF LEVIATHAN'S FORM-- WOULD SHE EXPERIENCE THE SWEETNESS OF SENSATION.

BUT THERE IS DANGER IN SUCH DELIGHT.



IT BECOMES THE ALL, THE ONLY-- THE WORLD TO THOSE WHO COVET ITS UNCONSCIOUS TASTE.



--FLAGELLUM WILL KNOW THAT THE EYES MUST BE OPEN BEFORE TRUE NIGHT-- MARES TAKE THEIR HOLD.

AWAKE...?

AWAKE!

AND SHOULD THAT WORLD COLLAPSE IN ON ITSELF-- SHOULD THAT DREAM FADE--

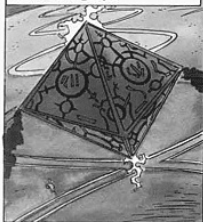


GREAT
LEVIATHAN,
WHAT HAS
BECOME
OF MY
DREAM?

THE DEVILS BRIGADE

CALL TO
ARMS

THE CENOBIITE KNOWS BETTER
THAN TO EXPECT AN **ANSWER**
FROM HER **GOD**.



SHE IS, AFTER ALL, THE
WATCHER OF THE ORDER,
AND IT IS HER PLACE TO UN-
COVER THE MYSTERY OF
HELL'S **UNBALANCE**.



HER PLACE
TO FACE WHAT
HAS GLEISHED
ITS **BLESSED**
STRUCTURES...



NO...
IT CAN
NOT...



BLOOD.



HER FIRST IMPULSE IS TO FLEE,
SCREAMING IN TERROR... A
FINAL CHAOTIC VESTIGE OF
WHAT WAS HER HUMANITY.



BUT AS A SOLDIER IN
LEVIATHAN'S UNHOLY
ARMY, HER DUTY IS
CLEAR:



THE ORDER
MUST BE
DEFENDED;
NO MATTER
THE COST.

THE ORDER
MUST--

THE IMPULSE
RETURNS,
STRONGER NOW.

CAPERING, IT
PLEADS WITH HER,
MISSING "HIS MAN,"
KIND THAT TERRIBLE
A RETREAT..."





...WHEN HELL ITSELF
THREATENS TO FALL?

THE TWO SIDES
BATTLE WITHIN
THE GENOBITE--
ROILING FLESH
AND COLD
PERFECTION--
EVEN AS THAT
SAME WAR RAGES
BEFORE HER.

NO! IT
CAN NOT
BE! IT
CAN NOT--!

CHIDNA AND BASILISK, THEIR
STEADY RHYTHM A MICROCOSM
OF HELL'S OWN ORDER-- TEARED
NOW FOR THE MADNESS OF
CHAOS.

THEY TEAR WHERE ONCE
THEY ONLY TOUCHED, THINGS
OF RAVAGING ANARCHY
WHOSE REFLECTION CAN
ONLY SPREAD OUTWARD IN
THE POOL OF THE ABYSS--

...RIPPLES OF PANDEMONIUM
THREATENING TO SHATTER
HELL'S VERY HEART.

THERE IS
MEANING HERE...
THERE **MUST**
BE MEANING
HERE!

OH MY DEAR, DARK LEVIATHAN, YOU HAVE
GIVEN ME EYES SURROUNDED BY STEEL
RODS PIERCING MY SKIN AND STILL
I CAN NOT SEE!

GRANT ME
YOUR WISDOM--
SHARE WITH
ME YOUR
BLESSED
LOGIC!

"LET THIS LOWLY SERVANT
SEE THROUGH THE FACETS
OF YOUR EYES..."

HKRRRAK!
HKRRRAK!

...YES!

THE
WAY IS
CLEAR...
AND
SHARP...

...AND EXQUISITE.



IT'S CALLED ANTHROPOMANCY--THE ART OF DIVINATION THROUGH THE CASTING AND READING OF ENTRAILS. USUALLY NOT ONE'S OWN...



...BUT THEN, THIS IS HELL.

A VIRGIN'S WORK BEST. NEEDLESS TO SAY, FLAGELLUM FILLS THAT SLOT--SO TO SPEAK.



THERE ARE SIX... TWO TOGETHER, FOUR OTHERS

EACH AN IGNORANT HUMAN NEXUS ON WHICH THE UNDERWORLD TURNS.

UNYIELDING LEVIATHAN... AGAINST MALLEABLE FLESH.



A STRUGGLE FOR POWER ALONG FIVE LINES.

FIVE FRONTS IN THE WAR.

IT IS-- IT IS THE TIME--

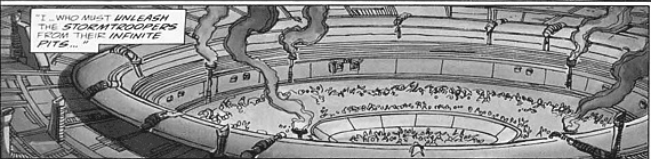


...THE TIME OF CONFIGURATION.

AND IT IS I...WHO MUST MARSHAL THE FORCES...



"I...WHO MUST UNLEASH
THE STORMTROOPERS
FROM THEIR INFINITE
PITS..."



COME
TO US,
FIGHTER!



JOIN WITH US
ABIGOR! YOUR
FLESH AND OURS!



GIVE
YOURSELF TO
US! LET US
TAKE YOU!



LET THE BLEMMEYES SHOW
YOU PLEASURE BEFORE
YOU RETURN TO THE BUSI-
NESS OF GIVING PAIN...

YES...IT HAS
BEEN SO LONG...



NO, ABIGOR! THERE ARE
OTHER OUTLETS FOR A
WARRIOR'S PASSION
THIS NIGHT...

TASTE
YOU,
SOLDIER!



SHOW ME,
SISTER,
SHOW ME...



"THE WAY IS LONG AND DIFFICULT, OH GREAT LEVIATHAN! GRANT YOUR POOR FLAGELLUM THE ANGUISH THAT MIGHT DRIVE ME DEEPER... EVER DEEPER..."

NO, NO, IT'S JUST NOT WORKING, PEOPLE!

YOU THERE-- CAN WE GET A LITTLE MORE AGONY IN THAT EXPRESSION? THAT'S IT...

AND THIS--THIS WON'T DO AT ALL! WHO FORGOT TO REND THIS FLESH TO RIBBONS?

I'M SORRY, WE'RE NOT YET READY FOR PUBLIC PERFORMANCES. THIS IS A WORK IN PROGRESS.

I COME ON BEHALF OF OUR LORD, LEVIATHAN. THERE ARE OTHER DRAMAS TO PLAY THIS DAY, FACE.

ALWAYS!
ALWAYS...

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

COMEDY
OR
TRAGEDY?



"I HAVE TRAVELED FAR TO
COME TO THIS UNNUMBERED
CIRCLE OF YOURS, MERCENARY
--YOU WILL LISTEN."

TALK ALL
YOU WANT, BABE!
BUT YOU GET ME AND
SWEET SISTER TALKIN'
HERE AND THEY'LL BE
SCRAPIN' YOU OFF
THE WALLS FOR ALL
ETERNITY--



I DON'T DO SHIT I
DON'T WANNA, TUBBY!
SO YOU TELL THAT
BASTARD BLACK
DIAMOND--

YOUR
TRANSGRESSIONS
HAVE FOREVER
REGISTERED ON
BLASPHEMY,
SOLDIER--



BE SURE TO BRING
ENOUGH AMMUNITION,
ATKINS.

DON'T YOU TELL
ME MY GAME,
FLAGELLUM,
DON'T YOU--!



--AND YOU KNOW AROUND
THIS DUMP THAT AIN'T
JUST WHISTLIN' DIXIE!

IT WAS
NOT A
REQUEST,
ATKINS.



--AND HAVE ONLY BEEN
TOLERATED SO THAT YOU
MIGHT WIELD YOUR FURY
IN LEVIATHAN'S NAME IN
TIMES SUCH AS THESE.

YEAH,
WELL--I
STILL DON'T
LIKE IT!



BITCH.

MY IMPERFECT FLESH SCREAMS WITH EACH STEP OF THIS QUEST THROUGH HELL'S BOUNDLESS CATACOMBS-- OUR HUMBLE FLAGELLUM THANKS YOU GREAT LORD, OH THANK YOU..."

THE TIME OF CONFIGURATION, HMM? AN INFERNAL EQUINOX, IS THAT IT? OF SUPREME MALEVOLENCE...

YOU KNOW OF IT, THEN...

JUST WHAT I'VE HEARD OVER THE YEARS-- SCREAMS, PATHETIC CRIES FOR MERY, BONES CRACKING, MUSCLES SNAPPING TAUGHT...

OH, AN OLD CENOBITE LIKE ME HEARS MANY THINGS IF SHE ONLY KNOWS WHAT TO LISTEN FOR... WHAT TO LOOK FOR...

"A TEST OF THE PURITY OF FORM. COSMIC FORCES PLACE SELECT SENTIENT BEINGS AT CROSSROADS OF ORDER AND CHAOS."

"SHOULD THE MAJORITY CHOOSE PATHS OF STRUCTURE, BLESSED ORDER WILL PREVAIL. BUT SHOULD A GREATER NUMBER OF THE CHOSEN WALK THE ROAD OF DAMNED CHAOS..."

"...THE VERY FABRIC OF HELL'S REALITY IS PLACED AT RISK..."

YOUR WISDOM IS NEEDED, BALBERITH.

PAGE 220.
ROBERT
YAEGER'S
DICTION-
NAIRE
INFERNAL.

BUT WHO WILL DAMN THE SOULS OF THE LATE-RETURNERS?

IT WILL BE ATTENDED TO...

"DAMNED CHAOS"...

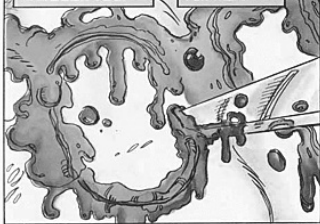
NO!
SWEET
CHAOS!

HEAR ME, GOD, IF YOU EVEN EXIST-- IF YOU STILL CARE!

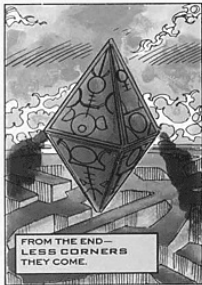
LET IT BE CHAOS! LET IT BE SWEET SHIFTING CHANGING GLORIOUS CHAOS...

HEAR US, FLAGELLUM,
AS OUR VOICE
SPEAKS TO YOU...
THROUGH YOU.

THEY COME,
AND YOU MUST
BE READY
FOR THEM.



READY TO
SHOW THEM
THE FACES
OF THEIR
ENEMIES.



FROM THE END—
LESS CORNERS
THEY COME.



THE FOUR YOU
CALLED—AND
ONE OTHER.

HE WHO RESIDES IN THE
LOWEST PIT AND NEEDED
NO SUMMONING, WHO
KNOWS OUR MIND AS WE DO.



HE WHO IS SON AND
LOVER, MADE FROM
OUR SEED AND
CARRYING IT TO
FRUIT, GIVING
BIRTH TO OUR
COLD DESIRE.



TOGETHER WE NAME
THEM THE VASA
INIQUITATIS —

— THE VESSELS OF ANGER
AND THE INVENTORS
OF THE WICKED ARTS —

— COME TO MAKE
THINGS RIGHT
ONCE AGAIN.

COMMAND
US, MY
LORD.





HEAR ARE THE SIX... TWO TOGETHER,
AND FOUR OTHERS.



MICHAEL DECOURCY LEADS HIS
NATION AND STANDS BETWEEN THE
ENLIGHTENED WAYS OF
WILLIAM CHARULA AND A RETURN
TO THE SAVAGE OPPRESSION
THAT HAS PREVIOUSLY MARKED
DECOURCY'S REGIME.

ENLIGHTENMENT LEADS TO
CHANGE. OPPRESSION MAIN-
TAINS. WE PREFER OPPRESSION.



IT SHALL
BE SO,
MIGHTY
LEVIATHAN.



THERE IS STRIFE AND
DISORDER IN THE
COMMUNITY OF LEO
SHABEL, INHUMANITY
HE CAN OVERCOME,
PULLING FORM OUT
OF THE VOID.

CONVERSELY, THE
SURROUNDING
DESPAIR CAN
DRIVE HIM OVER
THE EDGE OF
SANITY, UN-
LEASHING A
KILLER THAT WOULD
SPREAD FEAR AND
ANARCHY.

ANARCHY LEADS TO
OUR DOWNFALL,
AS WELL AS OUR
SURVIVAL RESTS ON
THIS SHABEL
BETTERING HIS
FELLOW MAN.



A CHOICE
PART TO PLAY,
MY LORD, YOU WILL EN-
JOY THE PER-
FORMANCE, I
ASSURE YOU.

LESTER GEORGE AND JILLIAN ELIOT, POLICE OFFICERS IN AN INNER CITY MAELSTROM. THEY CAN RISE ABOVE THE DEPRIVITY AROUND THEM AND SERVE THEIR UNIFORM AS OFFICERS OF ORDER...

... OR THEY CAN GIVE IN TO IT, BECOMING THE EYE OF A RACE RIOT STORM THAT CAN TEAR APART HALF THEIR CITY, WITH REPERCUSSIONS ECHOING OUT FURTHER STILL. THIS WE CAN NOT — WILL NOT — ALLOW.

ORDER MUST PREVAIL.

ENOUGH TALK! LET'S GET ON WITH THIS CHICKENSHIT BUSINESS!

ANOTHER POSSIBLE BEACON OF "ENLIGHTENMENT" — FATHER PETER ABADDON. HE CAN OPEN THE EYES OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH TO THE CONCERNS OF MODERN SOCIETY...

... OR HE CAN BE THE TORCH BEARER OF A NEW INQUISITION, A FASCIST CONDEMNATION OF EVERYTHING STRAYING FROM THE "STRAIGHT AND NARROW." NEEDLESS TO SAY —

"FASCISM, LORD, GOT IT RIGHT HERE, PAGE 325."

SHE IS DOCTOR CASEY GIGELI, ON THE THRESHOLD OF A MEDICAL MIRACLE — THE CURE TO THE AIDS DISEASE. THIS IS A METHODOICAL APPLICATION OF SCIENCE AND LOGIC WE ADMIRE.

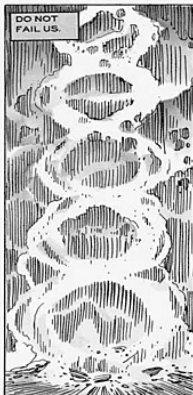
WE ARE LESS PLEASED BY THE OTHER ROAD HER RESEARCH CAN TAKE — THE RELEASE OF A SWIFT PLAGUE THAT WOULD LAY A WRETCHEDLY RANDOM PATH OF SLAUGHTER ACROSS THE HUMANS' WORLD.

AND THAT SWEET PERFUME... IS SHE TO BE FOR ME? I CAN ALREADY TASTE HER SWEAT... BOTH HOT AND COLD.

HELP HER FIND THE CURE, FAVORED ONE.



GO NOW...
TAKE THE
BATTLE
TO THEM.



DO NOT
FAIL US.



DO NOT FAIL —

ME.

DO NOT
FAIL ME.



THERE IS A CENTERPOINT TO
THE ABYSS, AN APPROPRI-
ATELY DARK PLACE TO WHICH
THE AIMLESS LIGHT OF
HUMANITY ONCE NEVER
HOPED TO REACH...

...AND FROM WHERE
THE CONFORMED GLORY
OF THE LOWER PITS MAY
NOW NOT STRETCH DEEP
ENOUGH.



IT'S HERE FLAGELLUM HOPES
HER HOPES, DESPERATELY
SHUTTING OUT THE SOUNDS
OF THE MONSTROUS CHIDNA
AND BASILISK RIPPING AT
EACH OTHER...

--THEIR WILD WARRING
MIRRORING THE AGONY
OF HELL'S OWN DEMISE.

HRKAK!
HRKAK!



HERE, THE CENOBIITE
KNOWS NO PEACE--
FOR THE ONLY DREAM
SHE NOW HAS IS OF
A DAY WHEN SHE
MIGHT SLEEP AGAIN.

IF SHE
MIGHT
SLEEP
AGAIN...

TO BE CONTINUED ...

It's probably not as hell. As you read this, outside your window it's the peak of summer, in shades of yellow and green. At this writing, it's still wintery blue here in New York, New York, big city of dreams. Getting from where we are to where you are is the untold story behind the story in this book. Because, in case you missed the months of hype, and the introduction in the front of this book, this is the first bimonthly issue of **Clive Barker's Hellraiser**—the first magazine printed book with all new art and stories, to be published once every two months. The first. Ever.

And this is just the beginning.

In making **Hellraiser** bimonthly, we had to plan a schedule—and a want list—that would allow top writers and artists the time to work around their regular commitments to turn out the top quality work this type of book demands—that we and Clive Barker have demanded it. Work coming up includes artwork by (deep breath here) Bill Sienkiewicz, Mike Zeck with Phil Zimmerman, Denys Cowan, John Bolton, Mike Mignola, Mark Texiera, Scott Hampton, and Dave McKean. On top of that, we've made an all-out search for a hot new crop of painted artists, and come up with a volatile handful that are anxious to try their hands at storytelling in our medium with their images. Some of the names you'll want to keep an eye on include Joe Barruso, Miran Kim, and Derek Yaniger. And of course we have those names who helped make this title great, and will continue to do so—familiar talents such as John Van Fleet, Bill Koch, and Mike Hoffman.

And that's still only the start.

Before we're done, we'll have a lot more top talent shaking their brushes at you than you can shake a stick at. We'll have a couple of **Hellraiser** specials and an awe-inspiring **Nightbreed/Hellraiser** crossover that will rock the netherworld to its core. And we'll have a few more surprises that will do the same to you.

Keep your eyes on this book—it's definitely as hot as hell.





front and end piece illustrations by
John Van Fleet

interior illustrations by
Joe Barruso
Miran Kim

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Epic Comics

Tom DeFalco
editor in chief

Damning souls can be fun and easy! Just follow these simple directions (complete recipes inside!) . . .

Take Clive Barker's fiendish concepts. Add a pinch of a get-rich-quick scheme built on human flesh. Marinate with an evangelist whose sermons echo the abyss.

Stir in a children's show hosted by the clown prince of hell. And season with a demonic brigade of Cenobites declaring war on humanity.

Scream thoroughly and bake for all eternity.

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